

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, December 8. 1709.

IT has been long I have waited to see, what Use the World would make of that most accurate Piece of Pulpit Manufacture, spun out to the finest Length at St. Paul's, by the Reverend Dr. S.— The Aldermen surely were to blame not to desire it to be printed— And indeed, Gentlemen, you are all to blame, you *Dissenters*, I mean, to be so angry at the Doctor's Excursion— For his Flight is not at you singly, but at the Government, the Parliament, the QUEEN, the Bishops, in short every Body, but the Papists, come in for a Share; You are abus'd in excellent good Company, And Dirt flings Dirt without Respect to Merit or to Law—

I assure you, Gentlemen, I shall be none of those that prompt you to resent the Doctor's Usage of you—I think, he ought to be rather prompted to abuse you all; and my Reasons are two.

First, Because the faster he runs, the sooner he will be out of Breath— You should use him as we do a hot Horse— when he first frets and pulls, keep a stiff Rein, and hold him in if you can; but if he grows mad and furious, slack your Hand, clap your Heels to him, and let him go, give him his Belly full of it— Away goes the Beast, like a Fury, over Hedge and Ditch, till he runs himself off of his Mettle,

Mettle, perhaps bogs himself, and then he grows quiet of Course — And after you have us'd him thus a-while, he pays for his Experience, and grows wiser for himself.

Now, Gentlemen, this wild Man, unweigh'd, hot, and furious — See how he flies, champs, foams, and flinks; let him go, clap him on the Back, he began with the *Dissenters*; do but spur him, he'll run over every Body that stands in his Way, Bishops, Magistrates, Parliaments, QUEEN, Hedge and Ditch, till he'll run himself out of Breath, perhaps bog himself in a Goal, and then he'll be as tame as a Lamb, and all this Noise will be over — Therefore let him go, as *Solomon* says of the Murthurer, *Let him flee to the Pit, let no Man stay him.*

Secondly, Because by this Method of the *High-Flying* Gentlemen, they really expose themselves, not you; and I am sure, you ought not to hinder them; They expose their Principles, *Viz.* To damn all that join not with their Party, and run not with them into the same Excess of Rior; They expose their Designs, *Viz.* To embroil this Nation in the old Broils about Conscience, Liberty, Tyranny, and Oppression of Property, Things all happily settled by the Revolution, effectually confirm'd by the Succession, and for ever secur'd by the Union — And as it is apparent, these are their Grievances, let them grin, and snarl, and rail, the Mountain stands sure, the Glorious Pillar is rais'd, Revolution is the Basis, Protestant Succession is the Column, and Union is the Capital; Liberty, Religion, Peace and Truth are the beautiful Carv'd Work round it; and the QUEEN supported by Justice on one hand, and Strength on the other, is its Guard and Defence. Do the Dogs bark? Do the Wolves snarl? Do they grin as they look back, and howl as they go on? How should it be otherwise?

Then let them bark, they are under the Foot of the Law; The Truth is, they are bury'd under the Ruins of their own Fabrick, a Building founded in Oppression, cemented in Blood, and carry'd on by Arbitrary Tyranny and Oppression, which

fell (how should it stand) Anno 1688, and Great was the Fall thereof. The Flood Vox Populi driven by the Wind, Vox Dei beat upon the Building, and IT FELL — and in its Ruins bury'd all its Fabricators — and the Weight lies upon them still — And this makes them roar and rave — Let them alone, I'll tell you a Story — A good old Lady comes to visit her Neighbour, and just as she steps out of her Coach, and enters the outer Gate — A huge black Mastive Dog rises out of a Wooden Kennel, (about as big as a Pulpit) and roars upon her, as if he would immediately devour her — The Lady, frighted to Extremity, falls down almost dead; however the Beast only roar'd, and flew about to get at her, for he was fast to his Kennel — By this Time the Servants ran to help the Lady, and rated the Dog a little, and he was quiet presently. Ah, says the Lady, Thou art a terrible Beast, but thank GOD, Thou art like Satan, THOU ART CHAIN'D. Gentlemen be easie, this Furious Beast, like his Master, is chain'd — He roars from his Kennel, but he can go no farther, he can do no Harm; if his Noise is troublesome, if he frights the Children, have Patience, it may be he'll wake the Landlady, and she'll order some of the Servants to lash him a little, and then he'll be quiet again — Therefore let him alone.

— Besides, Good People, do you not know the Nature of the barking Creatures? — If you pass but by, and take no Notice, they will yelp and make a Noise, and perhaps run a little after you; but go but on, and mind them not, and they give over again, but turn back, offer to strike them, or throw Stones at them, and you'll never have done, nay, you'll raise all the Dogs in the Parish upon you — The only Way is to ride on, take no Notice of the Cur that follows you — and he goes back quietly, with his Tail between his Legs, or for Anger bites a Post, or the Ground, or any Thing that's next him, as if he was mad, you would not turn again upon him — Indeed, if he follows you close, and offers to bite your Horse's Heels; if he comes within Reach of your Whip or Cudgel, and you

you can come at him fairly, you may lend him a Lash or two; but it is not worth your while—unless you strike home—For you'll only raise a Dust and a Noise, which, tho' there is nothing of Damage, is nevertheless unpleasant.

Upon the whole, I think, the Roaring of this Beast ought to give you no Manner of Disturbance—You ought to laugh at it, let him alone, he'll vent his Gall, and then

he'll be quiet—In the mean time let us rejoice, that it is not in the Power of these Creatures to hurt us, that the Establishment of the present Constitution of Britain is firm, and out of their Power to reach or impair—That the *Dissenters* are enclos'd in the Fold, and have the Guard of the Royal Shepherdes; that Moderation and Toleration are supported by one another, and the God of the Revolution is the Defence of both.

MISCELLANEA.

THIS is such an Age of Mysteries and Paradoxes, that I cannot but bestow a Few of them now and then upon you, as they fall in: And I hope, the Gentlemen, that read this Paper, may not think their Time lost in searching them out, since I shall promise, that in most of them their Enquiry shall not be quite in vain; and in all of them, if they do not find the Fable, they may find the Moral.

Let us examine, *First*, some of our Foreign Enigma's, and you shall find they will gradually bring us home to some no less abstruse and difficult among our selves; You have abroad strange Riddles.

A Malecontent People, who, *they always tell us*, are beaten, yet refusing any Accommodation with their Sovereign.

An Emperor giving the Estates of his Malecontent Nobility to his Courtiers and Counsellors, the better to encourage them to assist his Majesty IN, and persuade his Majesty TO an Accommodation with them.

An Army retiring from their Enemies, are forbid marching thro' a certain Country—But taking their Course directly thro' that Country—The Passive Proprietor is in a Passion at the Attempt, but never offer'd to oppose it.

A Great Prince standing in great Need of a Small one—yet disoblige him for a Trifle, in order to encourage him to give him the Assistance he stands in need of.

A Great Prince, who contributes little, and that little very *odly* to the War, finding Fault with the Conditions of Peace, and loading the Preliminaries with new Demands, which he gives the least Assistance to procure.

A Great Prince, who is of himself unable TO CARRY ON the War, rendering the Campaign in *S*— abortive, lest the Confederates should force the Enemy to make Peace.

All the World in Arms, to establish One of Two Kings on a Throne, of whom it is hard to say, what *One Thing* either of them have done to deserve it.

A General unsuspectedly honest, unexceptionably brave and experienc'd, without the least Reproach, yet always beaten.

A City infected with the Plague, and all Ships that come from that Part of the World stop'd, and yet that Nation that is most afraid of it, loading 120 Ships there with Corn, to bring home among their People, in order the better to secure them from the Infection.

A Great and Powerful Confederacy against a Potent Enemy, who, *tho' with Difficulty enough*, is very likely to be reduc'd, and this Confederacy suffering three eminent Branches of their Strength to engage in a new War, which of Course must recall their Troops from their Assistance—The more effectually to prevent the said reduc'd Enemy from recovering again.

Plague.